

THE NEWS-BULLETIN

VOL. 7, NO. 5

MOKENA ILLINOIS, AUGUST 28, 1925.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Lauffer Family

Holds Reunion

The Lauffer families of Frankfort, Homer, Orland and New Lenox townships and other places held their first re-union at Cappel's Grove quarter mile south of Mokena, last Sunday, Aug. 23rd.

A sumptuous dinner was served at noon with all the ice cream and goodies to satisfy all.

A prize was awarded to Mrs. Sarah Volck, aged 74, of Orland as being the oldest member present, and also to Chas. Edward Sass, 4 month old son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sass of Marley as being the youngest member present. A very pleasant time was had by all present, which numbered ninety-two and were as follows:

Mrs. Sarah Volck and son George, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sayers and family, Mr. and Mrs. N. Lauffer, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cooper and son Harold, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lauffer, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lauffer and son Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Haley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Hostert and family, Mrs. Caroline Marti, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Woodrich and family, Mr. I. D. Marti and son Robert, Daniel Lauffer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lauffer and son, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sass and family, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Armstrong and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Spiess and family, Daniel Marti and family, Albert Marti, Miss Mildred Savage, Mrs. Bertha Lauffer, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lauffer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lauffer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lauffer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Will Lauffer and family, Mrs. Lena Anderson and family.

Mokena Wallops

Orland to a Frazzle

The Mokena Baseball Team defeated Orland in 11 innings by a score of 3 to 2. "Red" Farrell the Mokena Twirler, had everything his own way after the first inning, striking out 14 batters. The Orland team got two hits in the first inning, and did not get another hit the rest of the game. Rich Larson, stole home with the winning run in the 11th inning. He and Jack Cummings shared hitting honors. This is the second time that Mokena has defeated Orland this season.

Next Sunday Mokena will play the fast going Chicago Surface Team at Mokena for a purse of \$200. Game starts at 1:30 P. M.

Mokena	R	H	E
O. Kallman, 1b;	0	0	0
R. Larson, 3b;	2	2	0
J. Cummings, lf;	1	2	0
N. Woock, rf;	0	0	0
B. Larson, ss;	0	1	0
J. Corcoran, 2b;	0	0	0
W. Woock, cf;	0	1	0
E. Andrews, c;	0	0	0
R. Farrell, p;	0	1	0
Orland	R	H	E
Koehler, ss;	2	1	1
L. White, cf;	0	0	0
Kramer, 1b;	0	0	0
Nicolai, c;	0	1	0
Seyffert, p;	0	0	0
Waldvogel, 2b;	0	0	0
N. White, rf;	0	0	0
Moore, lf;	0	0	0
Olson, 3b;	0	0	0

Home runs—R. Larson; 3 base hits, R. Larson, J. Cummings; 2 base hits, B. Larson; Struck out by Farrell 14; by Seyffert, 7; Attendance 300; Scorer, Ed. Cummings; umpires Koehler & Decker.

Well, Mokena has shown Orland they can play ball, also that they can cover bets.

This Sunday Mokena will play the champion ball team of the Chicago Surface Lines at the Schiek diamond.

Boquets

The News-Bulletin has received many congratulations

TWO AUTOS

STOLEN FROM MOKENA GARAGE

Auto robbers made their appearance in Mokena Monday night and made a daring get a way with two autos stolen from the Cooper & Hostert Garage.

The robbery was not noticed until about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, when Elmer Cooper went to get a new Ford Sedan to go to Orland, and was greatly surprised to find the car was gone. Then, to add to the surprise, it was found that the coupe of Irvin Rinke also had been stolen.

It was also discovered that the car of Robert Bechstein had been run out, and after the two stolen cars were out, ran Mr. Bechstein's car back.

Mr. Cooper notified all the police stations in surrounding towns and also the detective bureau in Chicago. He is offering \$50 cash reward for the recovery of the car, which was not insured. It had a dealer's license plate on.

Mr. Rinke's car is insured.

On Wednesday when a company of young men went to the prairie, 71st & Peoria, about 5:30 o'clock to pitch horse shoes as has been their custom during the summer, they found a new Ford sedan standing on their play ground and moved it aside. They inquired of an invalid lady next door if she knew who left the car and she said a strange man had driven the car to the vacant lot at about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning and when he got out of the car he pulled his coat collar up and ran down an alley.

The young men searched the car and found some business cards of Cooper & Hostert in a rear seat. The gas tank was nearly empty and it is thought this may have been the reason why the car was abandoned. The police were notified and took the car to the Englewood police station. Mr. Hoager, who first saw the car and found Mr. Cooper's cards, notified Mr. Cooper Thursday night that the car had been found and the latter went to Englewood and got the car Friday morning. No trace has been found of Mr. Rinke's coupe.

on the splendid 7th Anniversary edition of last week. A few of the many "boquets" are given herewith:

George Anderson, Deputy County Clerk, Will County—"You sure put out a fine edition. It was well gotten up and highly interesting."

Wm. Sorg, Will County Clerk's office—"Your anniversary number was a mighty fine edition all the way thru."

Anton Schager, Sec. Joliet Merchant's Association: Have been looking over your anniversary number and think it is very interesting."

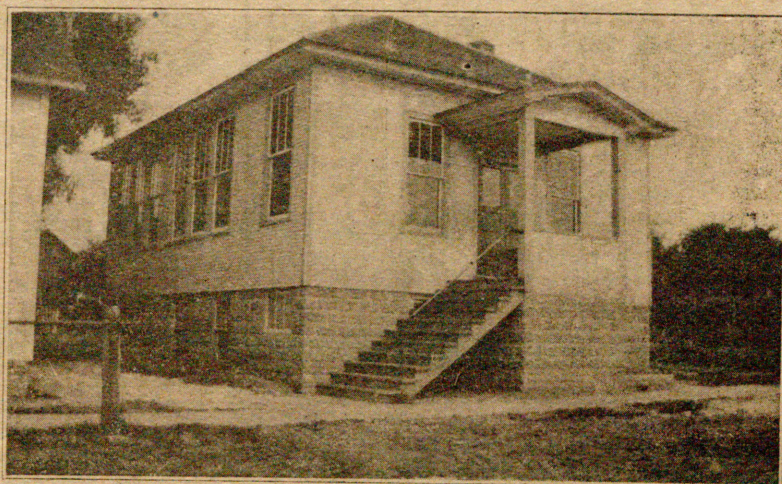
John T. Emery, Mayor of Oak Lawn—"Your 7th anniversary number was wonderful. It sure took time and a lot of work to produce it. The writeups on the Southwest Towns were exceptionally good. I have sent copies of this edition to California."

Mr. Schultz, Village Trustee, Oak Lawn—"I think you had a mighty fine anniversary edition. The writeups on Oak Lawn caught my eye right away."

Mr. Larsen of the Larsen Coal Co., Oak Lawn—"Have read your anniversary edition with interest. We need a paper in Oak Lawn and it might as well be yours as any other."

Prof. A. H. Brown, Principal of Mokena Public School—"You are to be congratulated on your 7th anniversary number. It surely is a credit to you and the community."

R. O. Wilson, Manufacturer, Mokena—"That was some paper you got last week. We will keep it about the house longer than any other paper as it contains so much material (continued on back page)



Christ Lutheran School in Orland opens its fall term on Sept. 3rd at 9 A. M. Daylight Saving time. A full eight grade course is given plus religion. Let your child

receive the training intended by the words of the Lord, "Ye parents bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Auto Races and Polo in Joliet

The first professional dirt track auto races to be held on the Joliet speedway will be Sunday, August 30, with outstanding dirt track stars and champions in action competing for a big list of purses, prizes and bonuses hung up the local speedway association.

What promises to be the big feature of the day is the special added match race in which Fred Horey, three time dirt track champion, will defend his title against Cliff Woodbury of Chicago, the midwest speed ace and veteran dirt track pilot. In addition in the other distance and dash events such pilots as Johnny Waters, Larry Stone, "Swede" Anderson, Slim Heinley, "Pop" Clancy, Al. Waters, Lew Romolo, Spug Hoffman and a host of well known nearby pilots will clash in speed contests.

By special arrangement the management has agreed to not charge in the grandstand and there will be no charge for auto parking, an innovation in racing meets in this territory. It is expected that the class of talent here will be the best since the days of the old Elgin road race, when fans in this section turned out for the speed classic. The Woodbury-Horey match race will be a classic and will settle a speed feud of years standing.

The events will be sanctioned by the International Motor Contest Association, governing body of dirt track racing in America. Auto polo contests between the All-Western and American champion polo teams will also be an added event to the program Sunday afternoon.

The Joliet Speedway is located 1 1-2 miles southeast of Joliet on the Mills Road. Races will be started promptly at 2:30 p. m.

Car Ditched;

One Injured

While F. M. Story and son Chester of Mokena, were returning from New Lenox Tuesday afternoon about 3 o'clock, in their Ford sedan, witnessed an auto accident.

As they were nearing the Mokena road they slowed down to about 5 miles an hour and signalled with his hand to the driver in the rear that he was going to make the turn. Just as the Story car had begun to turn, a Ford Coupe from the rear swished past them on their left, and apparently seemed to have little control of their car by the way it swayed from side to side and finally landed in the ditch and against the concrete culvert on the west side of the Mokena road at the corner of the Lincoln highway.

After Mr. Story had turned the corner, he stopped and went back to the coupe to see what had happened and found that one of the occupants of the car, Chas. Niesman aged 65 of Freeport, Ill., was injured. A doctor was called who removed him to Silver

Exposition at Joliet Opens Aug. 31st

A magnet of thousands of visitors, the Merchants and Manufacturers Exposition sponsored by prominent business men, will open its doors to the public in Joliet for one week starting Monday night, August 31st, at corner of Chicago and Benton Streets.

One thousand interests, amazing and amusing creations, skillfully blended, a perfect framing of inspirational and recreational edification, that will gratify the senses and stir the aspiration of every visitor, is promised.

"It will be an arena teeming with the very latest examples of progression in the industrial and mercantile world," according to Henry B. Marks, exposition expert, who will direct the show for the association.

One of the features of the exposition will be an auto display, a special space has been reserved for Joliet automobile agencies to display the latest models.

Every type of merchandise clothing, foodstuffs, furniture, heating apparatus, ice chests, stoves, building materials and specialties, will be on exhibition.

A special arranged program of entertainment will be given both afternoon and evening, high class vaudeville features, parades and other features yet to be decided on. Ample music will be provided. The exposition will open Monday night and daily thereafter, from 2:00 p. m., to 11:00 p. m.

Palos Welfare Clinic Creates Interest

The Child Welfare Clinic held Tuesday at the Palos Park club house, was well attended and many vital matters pertaining to child welfare were discussed.

Dr. Pronger of Blue Island and Dr. H. L. Wright of Chicago gave talks.

Of all the babies brought only 3 were found to be under weight. The doctors were pleased with the healthy condition of the babies of this section.

The committee in charge of the clinic were, Mrs. A. H. Schlessler, Mrs. Ed. Hyink and Mrs. Hugh Quick.

Those who donated cars to take the mothers and children (continued on back page)

Cross hospital where it was found he was but bruised and somewhat shook up. The next day he went to his home.

Sheriff Walker of Joliet was notified who came out to investigate.

The other occupant of the car was a brother, John Niesman of Durant, Ill., was not injured.

Mr. Story claims he was in no way responsible for the accident and a passing autoist W. S. Palmer of Chicago who witnessed the affair bears Mr. Story out in his claim.

The Ford coupe was badly smashed and was taken to the Warning & Son Garage in Frankfort.

Oak Lawn Organizes Chamber of Commerce

In keeping with its fine as well as ever growing spirit of progress, Oak Lawn now has a live new Chamber of Commerce which was organized Thursday night with forty members, the organization meeting being held at the Elmore Real Estate office. The organizers were: Elbert Elmore of the Elmore Real Estate Co. of Chicago and John T. Emery, Mayor of Oak Lawn. Mayor Emery opened the meeting and Mr. Elmore gave a live wire address on the Chamber of Commerce plan for growing towns. A great deal of interest was shown in the new organization which was organized with 40 members. The officers elected are as follows: A. H. Behrends, President. C. L. Krueger, Secretary. Carl Larson, Treasurer.

Following are the committees appointed: Charter and membership—John T. Emery chairman; George Dutton, J. F. Curtis. Membership committee—H. Larson, chairman. A. Eichler, C. Wilde, Geo. Schillemann and John Bushfield.

Chief of Police Arthur Eichler of Oak Lawn also delivered a very interesting and constructive address.

The Oak Lawn Chamber of Commerce has adopted for its slogan "Boost Oak Lawn, the City of Progress". Meetings of this body will be held every two weeks at the Elmore real estate office. Business men and women and department heads are eligible for membership. The next meeting will be held on Sept. 1st at 8 o'clock and the charter will close. Prominent men will address the gathering and refreshments will be served.

The members of the Oak Lawn Chamber of Commerce are as follows:

J. F. Curtis, J. Smilde, W. F. Krueger, George Dutton, H. E. Consor, Arthur Eichler, W. Malone, Carl Larson, J. Weidner, A. Jensen, E. Brubach, John Bushfield, Geo. Siederson, C. Wilde, H. Larson, Edw. Trimm, M. Robb, W. E. Davis, George Scheilmann, W. Johnson, Mike Rendobla, T. A. Blopp, Edw. J. Hunk, Arthur Hildenbors, W. Schultz, John T. Emery, C. L. Krueger, A. H. Behrends, Wm. A. Bartz, T. J. Freed, S. Aulwurm, Judge O'Brien, J. F. Ulatoski, Harry Phillips, Chas. Boyle, Edward Winkelman, Fred Schultz, Joseph Mullen, Minnie Ayers, John F. Schultz, John F. McKay.

Additional Oak Lawn items on back page

Mrs. Wm. Brandt,

Oak Lawn Pioneer

Resident Dies

Mrs. Brandt, aged 60 years, a pioneer resident of Oak Lawn, died last Saturday following a lingering illness. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon from the Lutheran church. Hundreds of friends and neighbors paid their final tributes of respect to the departed. As a special mark of respect, the business houses remained closed during the funeral hour. The deceased is survived by one daughter and two sons, Albert and Otto all of Oak Lawn and a host of other relatives.

Oak Lawn Home

Coming Aug. 30

Sunday will be a big red letter day for Oak Lawn when the first annual community picnic and home coming will be held at the ball grounds. There will be games, races and stunts of all kinds. Refreshments will be served. Everyone is welcome.

Oak Lawn to be

Served by The

News-Bulletin

The News-Bulletin is going to give the news of the Southwest Towns from now on in each weekly issue. A special edition to be known as "The Southwest Towns Edition" is to be issued for this section each week under the Oak Lawn date line.

In order to get all the news of the community it is suggested that items of news, as parties, weddings, births, funerals, illness, visitors, and all other notes of social and church activities be left at any of the following places: Ewald Spee, tailor; Krueger Market; Ayers Ice Cream Shoppe; Oak Lawn Drug Store; Bushfield's Restaurant; Larsen & Hoffman, Grocery; Hablas Filling Station; Jensen's Bakery; A. Behrend, General Store and the Atlantic & Pacific Store. We want to give Oak Lawn a real local newsy home town paper, and must depend on your cooperation.

Additional Oak Lawn items on back page

YOUR FRIEND IS OUR BANK

THE Bank is the backbone of the country—and must be effective in dealing with people of the country. The bank is a Service—for you. Whatever your problems—what ever needs are yours—that is when you come to your Friend, the Bank. This bank is ready and waiting for you—loans, advice, trust department, wills, savings—all this is included in our service to you.

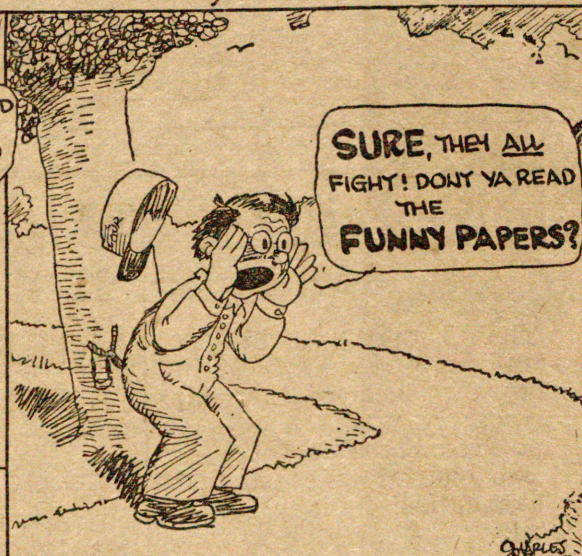
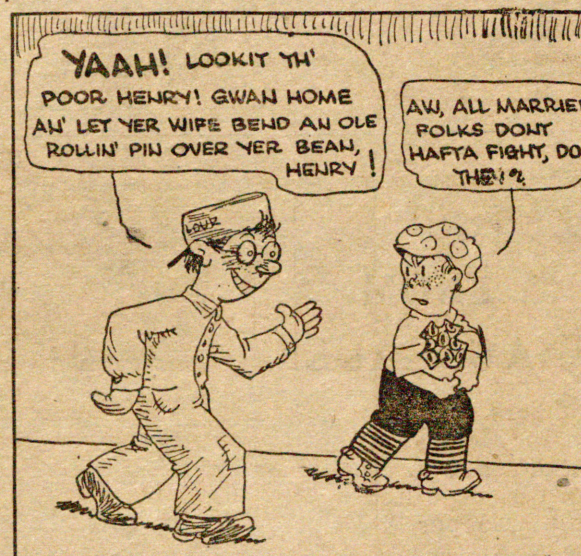
Orland State Bank

(SPECIAL) • COLLEGE
BOYS GELLING
LADIES SILK HOSE
THIS SUMMER
WILL WEAR
BALLOON PANTS
NO DOG CAN
BITE THROUGH
EM."

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union

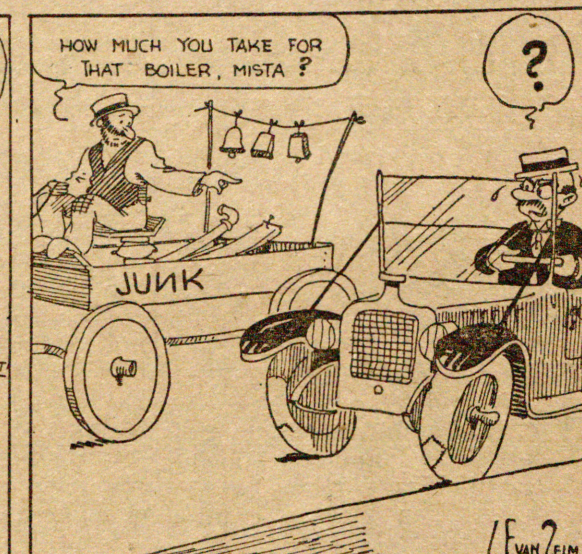
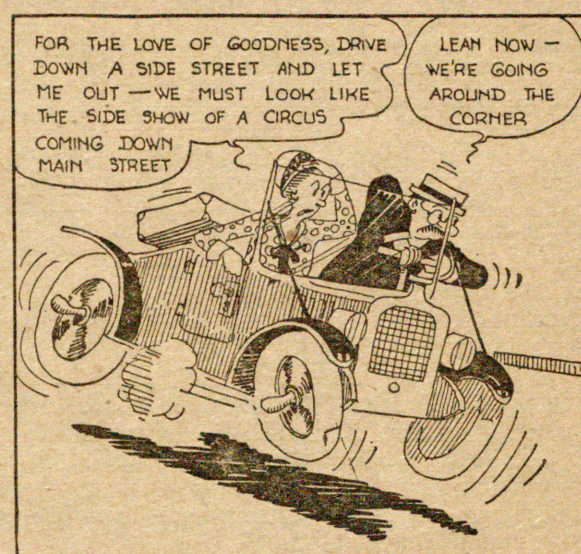
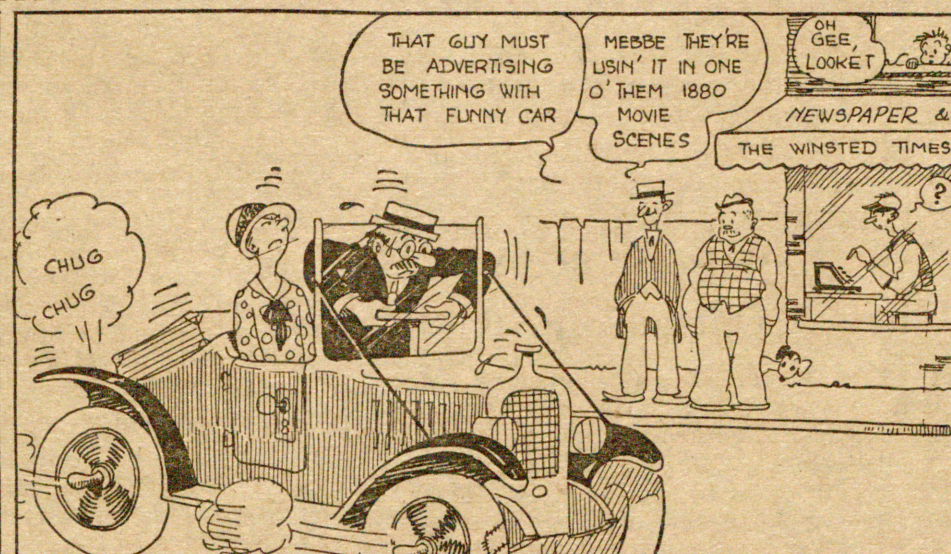
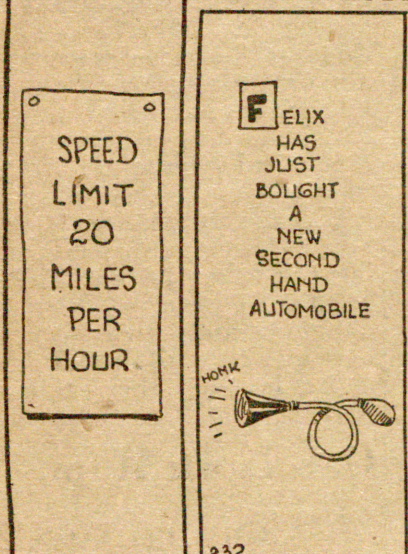
They Do—in the Funnies



THE FEATHERHEADS

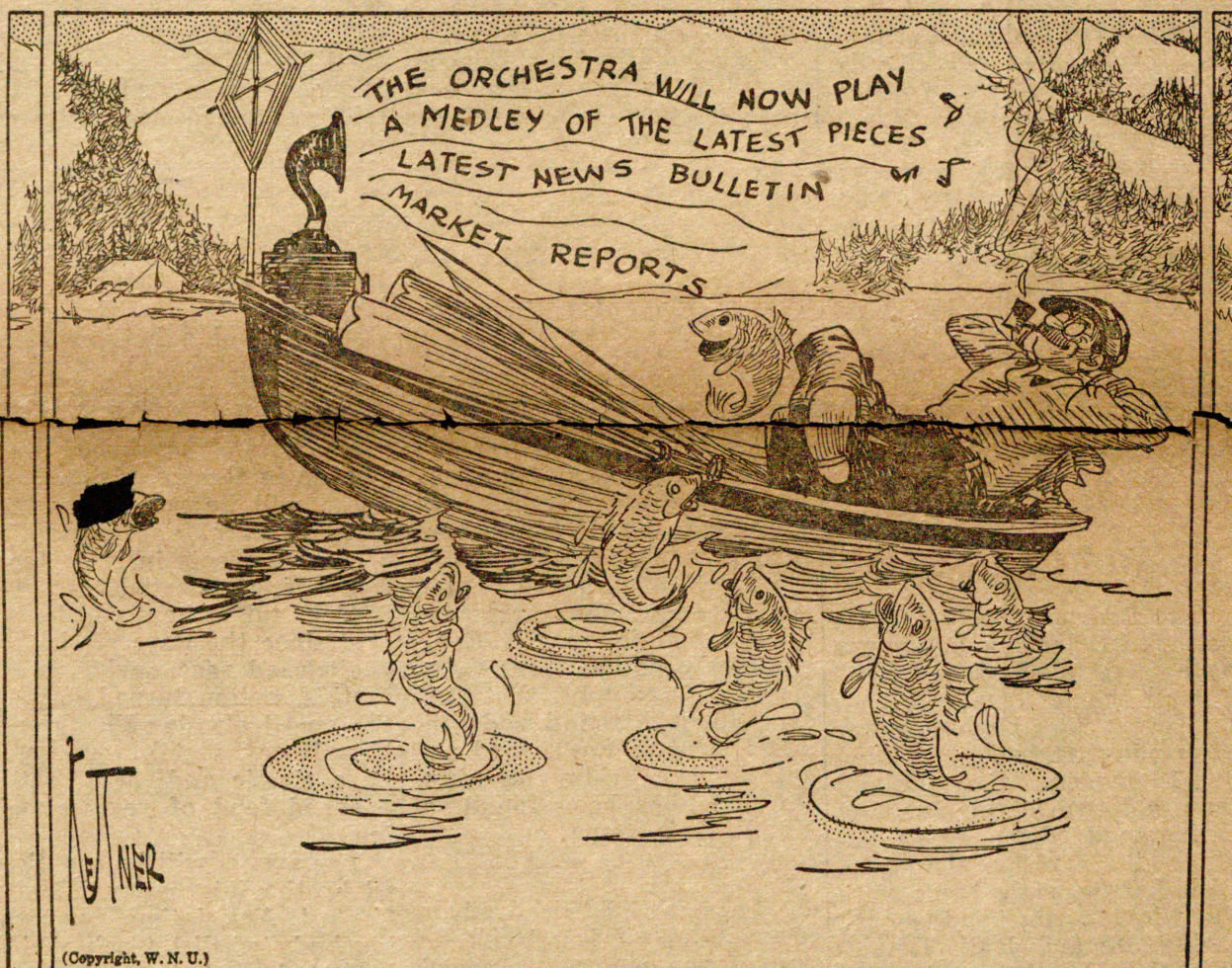
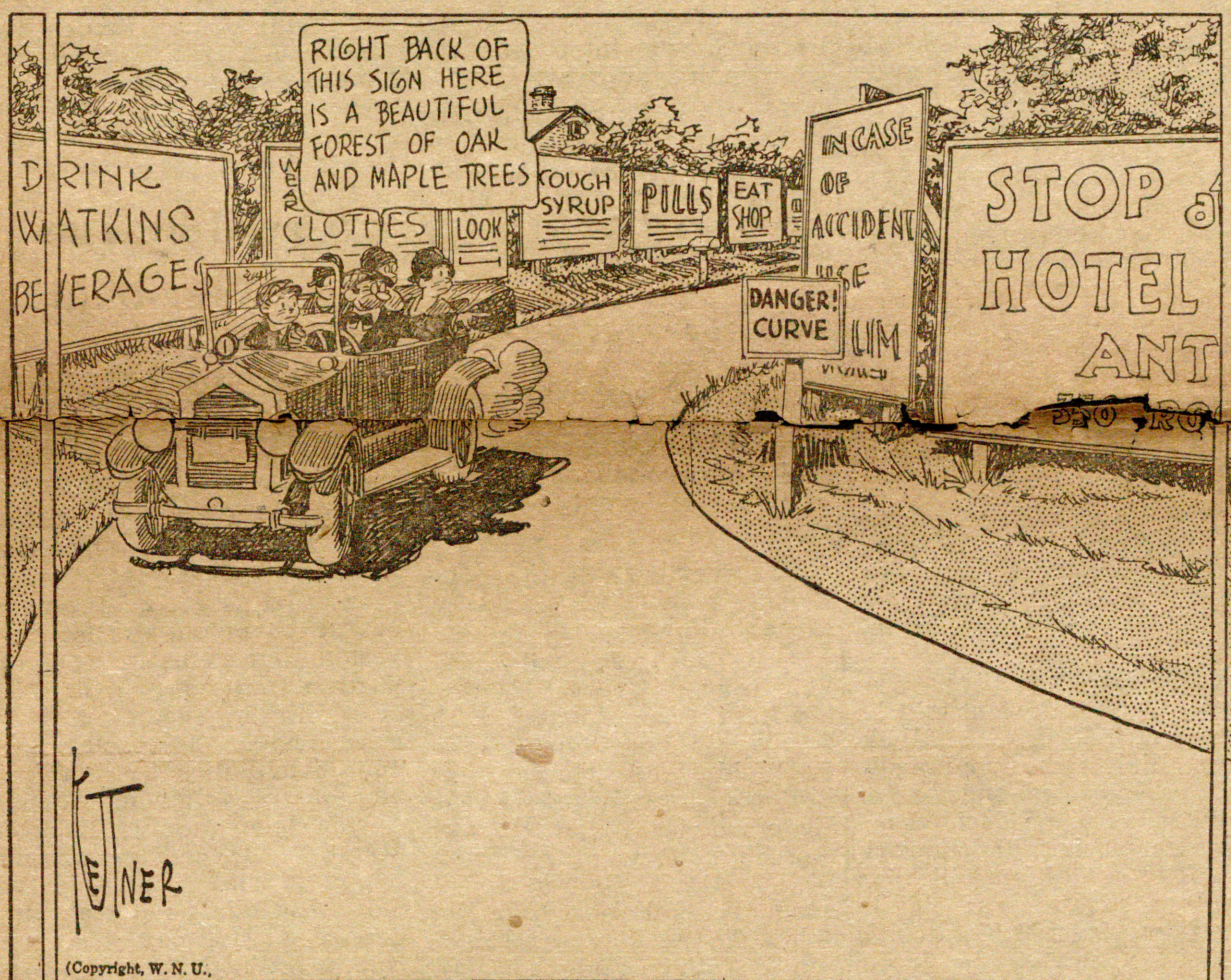
By L. F. Van Zelm
©Western Newspaper Union

Humiliation



Along the Concrete

Ether Waves



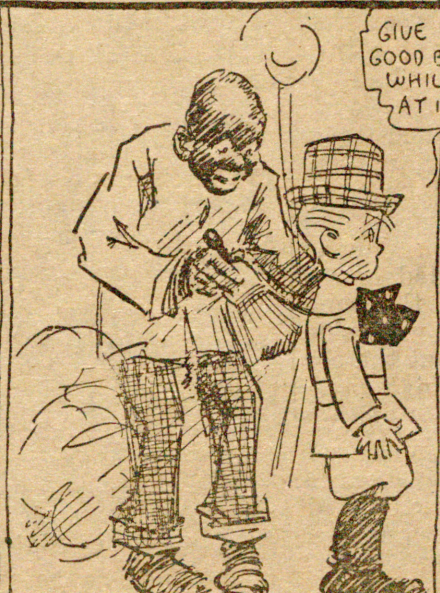
HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



The Clancy Kids

**It All Comes Out
in the Wash**

By
PERCY L. CROSBY
by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate



Germans Expelled From Poland



When Poland, in accordance with the treaty of Versailles, expelled all the Germans from Polish territory that formerly had belonged to Germany there was great distress among the many thousands of exiles because Berlin had not made adequate arrangements for their care. The picture shows a few of the refugees in their temporary camp.

Welsh From All Over World Attend National Eisteddfod



Nine thousand Welshmen from all parts of the world attended the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod, historical ancient ceremony, at Pwllheli, Wales. The photograph shows the pedrog, the deputy arch druid, holding the sword of peace.

Soviet Military Auto Race Route

CHICAGO'S CHOICE

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for August 30

PAUL AND THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:16-40.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of an Earthquake.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Conversion of the Jailer.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Conversion of the Jailer.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Gospel in Philippi.

1. Paul and Silas in Jail (vv. 16-26).

1. The Occasion (vv. 16-24).
As the missionaries went out from day to day to the place of prayer they were accosted by a young woman possessed by a spirit of divination. She was owned by a syndicate of men who derived large gains from her soothsaying. This act of the woman became a great annoyance to Paul, who in the name of Jesus Christ commanded the evil spirit to come out. The evil spirit immediately obeyed. When the demon was cast out of the maid, her supernatural power was gone, therefore, the source of revenue was dried up. This was so exasperating to her owners that they had Paul and Silas arraigned before the magistrates on the false charge of changing their customs. This was playing the hypocrite for it was a custom, but illicit gains that had been interfered with. There is always trouble ahead when you interfere with wrong business. Without any chance to defend themselves Paul and Silas were stripped and beaten by the angry mob and then remanded to jail, where they were made fast by stocks in the inner prison.

2. Their Behavior in Jail (v. 25).
They were praying and singing hymns to God. It seems quite natural that they should pray under such conditions, but to sing hymns is astonishing to all who have not come into possession of the peace of God through Christ. Even with their backs lacerated and smarting, their feet fastened to stocks, compelling a most painful position in the dungeon darkness of the inner prison, and with the morbidly filled with extreme uncertainty, their hearts went up to God in gratitude.

3. Their Deliverance (v. 26).
The Lord wrought deliverance.

The Revival We Need

By REV. J. R. SCHAFER
Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Wilt thou not revive us again?—Ps. 85:6.

The church through nineteen centuries has looked back to Pentecost as the great ideal of revival power and achievement. Myriad have been the struggles and efforts to reproduce that marvelous scene and its accompanying wonders. The longing for such an experience has been the imagery of many hymns:



Rev. J. R. Schaffer. Lord as of old at Pentecost, Thou didst

Thy power display,
With cleansing, purifying flame, descend on us today.
Lord, send the old-time power, the Pentecostal power,
The flood gates of blessing on us throw open wide!
Lord, send the old-time power, the Pentecostal power,
That sinners be converted and Thy name glorified.
Remember, Lord, the ancient days; renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise, on us Thy Holy Spirit pour!"
Send the old-time fire upon us, Lord! And burn up all the dross.

This interpreted in hantism of fire

or Inn Garage
Pinhagen, Proprietor

PARK, ILLINOIS

and Night Service

GAS, TIRES, TUBES, ETC.

AND REPAIRING

Tinley Park 63.



AN OPERATION RECOMMENDED

Avoided by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I cannot give too much praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me. My mother gave it to me when I was a girl 14 years old, and since then I have taken it when I feel run down or tired. I took it for three months before my two babies were born for I suffered with my back and had spells as if my



heart was affected, and it helped me a lot. The doctors told me at one time that I would have to have an operation. I thought I would try 'Pinkham's,' as I call it, first. In two months I was all right and had no operation. I firmly believe 'Pinkham's' cured me. Everyone who saw me after that remarked that I looked so well. I only have to take medicine occasionally, not but I always keep a couple of bottles by me. I recommend it to women who speak to me about their health. I have also used your Sanative Wash and like it very much."—Mrs. E. GOULD, 4000 East Side Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.

Many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised.

The Real Secret

Bishop Waldorf said in an address in Wichita:

"In their success talks to Young Men's Christian associations some of our millionaires enunciate rather anti-Christian views.

"In a recent talk of this kind an aged millionaire said earnestly:

"I tell ye, young fellows, in this race for success, it ain't enough to know how to push yerself along—ye got to know how to push the other fellow out o' the way."

German Required

Study of the German language will be obligatory in Bulgarian primary and grammar schools during the coming year. This has been announced in a governmental decree by the Bulgarian premier.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



ORLAND M. E. CHURCH MOVIE SCHEDULE

FRIDAY- AUGUST 21
THROUGH THE BACK DOOR;
with Mary Pickford. 7-reels
SUNDAY-AUGUST 23

Sermon- "The Bread of Life."
Moving Picture: "Give Us This Day
Our Daily Bread."

FRIDAY- AUGUST 28
HOME TALENT, with Ben Tur-
pin. Five reels.

SUNDAY- AUGUST 30
SERMON and Moving Picture "Lest
We Forget". Five Reels.

FRIDAY- September 4
A Tailor-Made Man; with Chas.
Ray. 8 reels

SUNDAY -September 6
SERMON- "The City Four
Square". Moving Picture: "The
Gates and Walls of Jerusalem".

FRIDAY -September 11
WAKING UP THE TOWN; with
Jack Pickford. 6 reels.

SUNDAY-September 13
SERMON "Paul the Christian".
Moving Picture; "Damascus."

FRIDAY- September 18
THE NUT with Douglas Fair-
banks, 6 Reels.

SUNDAY- September 20
SERMON-"Living Water."
Moving Picture-"The Wells of Pal-
estine."

FRIDAY-September 25.
SUDS-with Mary Pickford.
Five Reels.

SUNDAY-September 27
SERMON-"Life Lessons from Elijah"
Moving Picture-Mt. Carmel, Tyre
and Sidon.

FRIDAY-October 2
DOWN ON THE FARM. A Com-
edy Drama. Five Reels.

SUNDAY-October 4.
SERMON-"The Faith of Our
Fathers".
Moving Picture-The Land of Abra-
ham.

FRIDAY-October 9.
GARRISON'S FINISH with Jack
Pickford. Six Reels.

SUNDAY-October 11.
SERMON-"The Heritage of Hope."
Moving Picture-The Promised Land.

FRIDAY-October 16.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
with Mary Pickford. Ten Reels.
SUNDAY-October 18

What Seemed Humorous

Mother was entertaining a caller,
when suddenly Dorothy, who had been
playing on the floor, yawned prodig-
iously. "My, what a big yawn for
such a little girl!" exclaimed the call-
er. "Yes," agreed Dorothy, "and the
funny part is that I wasn't listening
at all to what you were saying!"

PUBLICATION NOTICE

State of Illinois, County of Will, ss.
Circuit Court of Will County,
September Term, A. D. 1925.

Theresa Gonzales vs. Florentino
Gonzales.

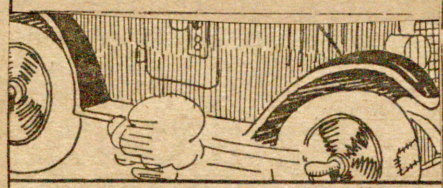
Bill in Chancery, No. 32559.

Notice is hereby given to the said
defendant, Florentino Gonzales, that
the above named complainant here-
tofore filed her bill of complaint in
said Court on the Chancery side
thereof, and that a summons there-
upon issued out of said Court
against the above named defendant,
returnable on the first day of the
Term of the Circuit Court of Will
County, to be held at the Court
House in the City of Joliet, in said
Will County, on the third Monday
of September, A. D. 1925, as is by
law required, and which suit is still
pending.

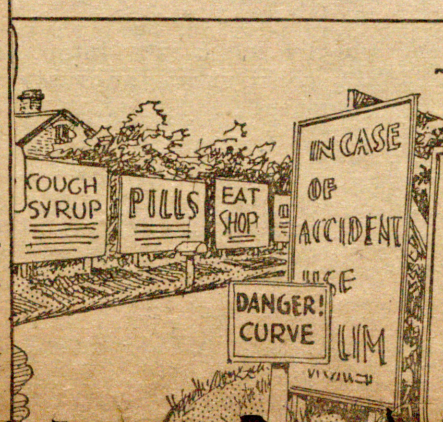
Paul V. Wunder, Clerk.

Orr & Brumund, Complainant's
Solicitors.

Joliet, Ill., July 28th, A. D. 1925.
-31. 8; 7, 14, 21.



ing the Concrete



ORLAND

Fall Term in Piano Lessons. H.
Adele Cooper, Orland, Ill. Tel. 56J
On last Wednesday evening.

Christian Keuch and Mrs. Mary
Kneriem of Orland were quietly un-
nited in marriage at the Christ Lu-
theran parsonage at Orland, Rev.
W. C. Greve officiating. On their
return to their home, they were
surprised to find about 150 friends
and neighbors had assembled to
give them a royal welcome. A little
later fifty more friends came and
all joined in the merrymaking.

ORLAND LUTH. CHURCH

Rev. W. C. Greve, Pastor.

English services 10 A. M. Sun-
day. Subject of sermon: "Entering
the Narrow Gate."

Mrs. L. Nicolai will be hostess at
a coffee in the Lutheran church
school on Sept. 2nd. All are invited.

Oct. 22 has been set aside by
the Ladies Aid of Christ Lutheran
church, as the day of their annual
bazaar.

ORLAND M. E. CHURCH

Rev. Myron Collins, Pastor

An ice cream social will be given
by the country members of the
Adult Bible Class at the Wm. Beag-
ley home on Tuesday evening Sept.
1st. All members and friends of the
church are specially invited, and
everyone in the community will
find a cordial welcome.

Remember the special five-reel
picture to be given Sunday evening
August 30th. It is entitled, "Lest
We Forget." The sermon subject
for Sunday, Sept. 6th is "The City
Four Square." The motion picture
for that evening is another which
will show scenes in Palestine and is
called "The Walls and Gates of
Jerusalem."

The La'ies Guild is planning to
make some changes in the church
basement which will mean an en-

largement of the kitchen, so that
one serving of a dinner to a large
number may be more conveni-
ently done.

The popular actor, Charles Ray,
will be seen in one of his best pic-
tures at the Orland M. E. church
next Friday evening, Sept. 4th in
"A Tailor-made Man".

Jake Krainer returned last Sat-
urday from the Blue Island hospi-
tal where he underwent an opera-
tion for appendicitis. His many
friends hope he will speedily regain
his health and strength.

Mrs. Sarah Peterson of Chicago
visited at the home of her brother
George Gee, Sr.

Mrs. Christ Roemer, who has
been ill for some time, is much
better and able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gee and
daughter Ruth visited over Sunday
with relatives in Orland.

Mrs. Philip Ebeling and son
who was injured by a fall have re-
turned from Silver Cross hospital
in Joliet.

Geo. Gee, Sr., and son Joseph
have returned from a week's trip
in Iowa where they bought a car-
load of milch cows.

Stephen Sayers has just return-
ed from a western trip. He spent
two weeks in Elma, Iowa with his
sister and family and two weeks
in Cottonwood, Minn., with rela-
tives of his late wife and the fam-
ilies of the late James and Joseph
Gee.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Einhorn of
Blue Island were guests at the
Con Helenhouse home last Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Moore of Chicago
visited with her daughter, Mrs. Geo
Gee Jr., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dunn and
four children of Elmhurst, called
at the Austin Home last Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Myrick, Miss
Clara Myrick and Mrs. Geo. Say-
ers were guests also at the same

home.

Clarence Beagley is the owner
of a fine new Chevrolet car.

Era of Good Feeling

The "era of good feeling" in this
country is the name given to the
period from 1816 to 1824, which was
marked by the absence of bitter party
strife and the presence of general in-
ternational harmony and contentment.

Lucy Stone League

Lucy Stone was a suffragist who
achieved considerable notoriety by de-
clining to change her name upon mar-
riage to the one borne by her husband,
in accordance with common custom. A
league was founded of women who
preferred to retain their maiden names
and was named in her honor, the Lucy
Stone league.

Seals Once Land Animals?

Seals are probably of land origin,
but have become almost perfectly
adapted to life in the water. They
seek land or ice floes only for breed-
ing and rearing of young.

Too Pessimistic

"I suppose," he ventured, "you would
never speak to me again if I were to
kiss you?" "Oh, George!" she ex-
claimed, "why don't you get out of
the habit of always looking on the
dark side of things?"

Egyptian Ruler's Crown

The rulers of ancient Egypt wore
around their heads a snake-head band
in honor of the cobra, which repre-
sented godliness and immortality. The
snake head was worked in gold and
adorned with precious stones.

Two Old Academies

Phillips Exeter Academy was found-
ed by John Phillips at Exeter in 1781
and became known as Phillips Exeter
to distinguish it from Phillips Andoyer,
which was founded in 1778 through
the gifts of the Phillips family.

Term of Opprobrium

The term Yankee, according to
Bomhaugh, is not Indian, but Dutch,
and means to snarl and quarrel. It
was applied by the burghers of New
Amsterdam to the invaders from Con-
necticut.

Weak Humanity

It is as difficult to get a man to ad-
mit that he snores as it is to get a
woman to admit her age.

Her Recognition

Small Elizabeth and her mother
were walking down the street when
they saw an urchin approaching them.
Elizabeth stuck out her tongue. When
they had gone on, her mother inquired
"Why did you stick out your tongue
at that little boy we just passed?"
There was a pause while Elizabeth
considered. "Why?" she replied, at

Watch Your Diet, Says Prima Donna

Cyrena Van Gordon, prima donna of
the Chicago Opera company, believes

in the flapper and
her privileges. She
believes in the
practice of this
much-discussed
person in wearing
no corsets, in
wearing short
skirts, going in for
athletics and out-
door life and in
thoroughly upset-
ting the theories
and practices of
her mother and
grandmother.
Miss Van Gordon,
who is, in private
life, Mrs. S. Bogart
Munns, the wife
of Doctor S. B. Munns, says that all
of these things are woman's right and
are necessary if a woman is anxious
to keep her youth and beauty. But
exercise is not the only thing that is
necessary for the woman who is de-
sirous of being attractive. She must
watch her diet and be careful not to
eat anything that will, in any way, be
fattening.

There are certain dishes to which
Miss Van Gordon is partial and to
which she gives the credit for the re-
tention of her beauty. These dishes,
she prefers to prepare herself and,
when on tour with the Chicago Opera
company, she carries a small electric
stove in order that she will not be
deprived of the food she deems neces-
sary. These dishes are easily prepared.

Miss Van Gordon uses for
Celery and Cheese Casserole.
1 cup cheese 1 tbsp. butter
1 cups chopped 1 cup cooked spa-
celery gheri
1/2 cup evaporated 1/2 cup buttered
milk bread crumbs
1/2 cup water 1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. flour

She makes white sauce of milk, wa-
ter, butter, flour, and salt, and mixes
it with all ingredients except crumbs.
She then places it in an oiled baking
dish and covers with crumbs, baking
in a moderate oven until brown.

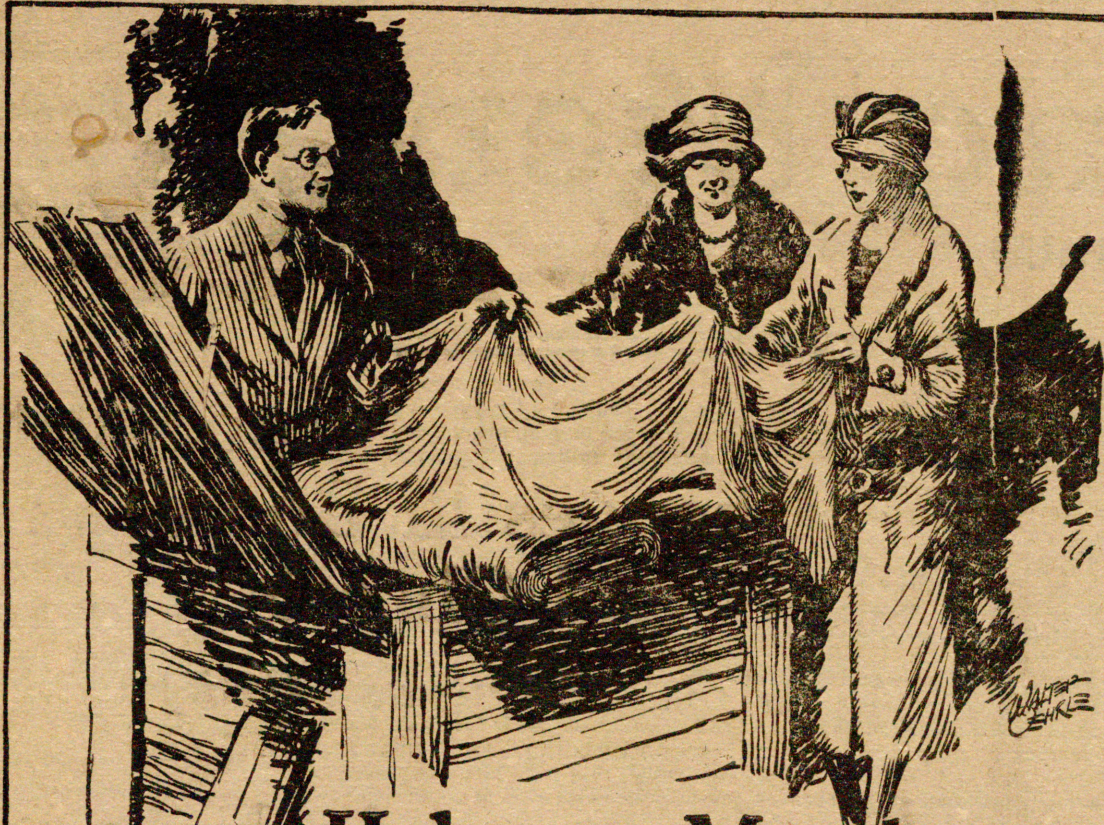
Chicken a la King.

1 cups cold 1 cup evaporated
chicken, diced milk
1/2 cup butter 1/2 lb. mushrooms
1/2 cup flour 1 cup chicken
1/2 green pepper, broth
shredded 1 egg yolk
1/2 pimento, Salt and pepper
shredded

Cook the peppers (also mushrooms,
if they are used) in the butter for 15
minutes, keeping them covered while
cooking slowly. Add the flour and sea-
sonings, also the milk and broth. Stir
to a smooth sauce. Put chicken in
sauce to heat, and just before
stir in beaten egg yolk. Cook

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Read the Ads in this Paper
and save yourself money by trading at home

FRANKFORT

Mrs. John Unbehaum of Nebraska spent Saturday at the Fred Baumgartner home and also at the nearby Shroder home. Mrs. Unbehaum was a former resident of this section.

Mrs. Floyd Clark and son spent a week at the John Clark home.

The Amite Sewing Club held their annual picnic at Electric Park.

Miss Marion Dakin of Elgin who is visiting at the Dr. McEwan home figured in an accident last Thursday. A pony on which she was riding became frightened by a passing speeding auto and threw her causing a number of cuts and bruises to the rider.

Dr. and Mrs. W. V. Hedges returned from their vacation trip in Wisconsin. While their Dr. Hedges caught a 15 pound muskie which he packed in ice and shipped home to Dr. McEwan. Some catch! We wonder which was the best treat, to catch it or eat it?

The Ashler band assisted by the Frankfort band will play at Crown Point, Ind., next Sunday for the horse races.

Mr. Podies, father of Mrs. Ed. Haake, who underwent an operation on his eye at Silver Cross hospital has returned home and is much improved.

Miss Marion McEwan of Alton, Ill., who has been visiting at her uncle's home, Dr. McEwan, has returned to her home.

The Ashler Band and the Frankfort band will give band concerts the next three Thursday evenings at the Lincoln and Dixie corner in Chicago Heights, under the order of the Moose lodge. They will also give moving pictures every Thursday evening at the same place.

The Philip Stellwagon and Jerry Lankenau families enjoyed an outing along the banks of the Kankakee river last Friday. About 25 were in the party.

Mrs. Glenn Folkers has returned from the Silver Cross hospital.

Peter Pfeifer of Homewood spent Sunday at his mother's home. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Krohn of Lockport spent Sunday at the Chas. Fralich home.

The Frankfort Public school will Lucille open their fall term on Aug. 31st.

Bernice a. Angelina H. picnic in the

Miss Mildred Walsh, Evelyn Burmeister of Joliet and Miss Sarah Mitchell of Chicago left Sunday for a motor trip to Indian Lake in Michigan where they will spend a week.

John Rehberg has moved in with father, Carl Rehberg. Herman Rimmers of Chicago Heights will move into the place vacated by Mr. Rehberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Balchowsky who have been spending their vacation at Niagara Falls, New York, Canada and other points, are expected home this week.

The Pinocchio Club members were entertained at the home of Mrs. Herbert Minger last Wednesday afternoon. Pinocchio being the chief diversion, three tables playing and prizes were won by Mrs. William Kampe and Mrs. Mathilda Bettenhausen. Refreshments were served at the close of the game.

The Ladies Aid of the Evangelical church held their regular monthly "coffee" Thursday at the church parlors.

Clarence Folkers has as his guest this week, Everett Howe of Chicago.

TINLEY PARK

A great crowd attended the big aeroplane exhibition at the Tinley Park Gardens south of Tinley Park Sunday afternoon. There were many thrilling and hair raising stunts performed which made the crowd gasp. Quite a large number of people went for an airplane ride. Much interest is being taken in Tinley Park Gardens which is boomed by the O. Rueter Real Estate Co., of Chicago. A large number of lots have been sold and this new subdivision will mean much to the development of Tinley Park as a suburb.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Bormet who returned from Rochester, Minn., the past week, where Mr. Bormet has been taking treatments at the Mayo Bros. hospital, were delightfully surprised Sunday night by a large company of relatives, neighbors and friends. The surprise was a complete one. The evening was pleasantly spent in a social way and a very sumptuous supper was served. Over forty guests were present and all report a good time.

Henry C. Vogt and family returned last week from a two weeks vacation spent in Wisconsin. Mr. Vogt did much motoring and says he found some very white folks in Wisconsin. He learned and saw many interesting things.

The Rock Island has a weed cutting machine engaged in trimming weeds from along their right of way thru here. The machine does quick and good work and is a great labor saver.

The Cavalline & Dini ice cream parlor have added a new line to their stock, it being perfumery and drugs.

Mr. dan Mrs. John Griswold are packing their household goods preparatory to moving to Rockford, Ill the first of the month.

BACHELOR GROVE LUTH. CH Wm. Greve, Pastor.

Next Sunday Aug. 30, special Mission services will be conducted. In the morning services at 9:30, the Rev. K. Guenther of Grant Park, a former missionary to Brazil, South America, will preach, while the Rev. L. Schwartzkopf of Homewood, a recent missionary in China, will speak in the afternoon services at 2:30. In both services offerings will be taken for Home and Foreign missions. The usual refreshments are to be had on the church grounds.

Lutheran church has recently been decorated in a very pleasing way. The artist employed was Mr. E. Borgess of Mokena, who not only made a fine job of it, but also did the work for a very reasonable price. It was no mistake to employ home talent. The Ladies Aid Society agreed to donate the necessary amount to cover the expenses. New carpets and aisle rugs have also been installed by the Ladies Aid, so that the church will now have a new and splendid appearance.

Removing Vitropane

To entirely remove vitropane from glass, take one-half pint of boiling water and a piece of soap sufficient to make a good lather. Saturate a cloth and place cloth on the window. Let stand for a few moments. Take a clean cloth saturated with ammonia (double strength) place on glass for a few moments. The vitropane will begin to loosen and can easily be removed with a thin knife blade.

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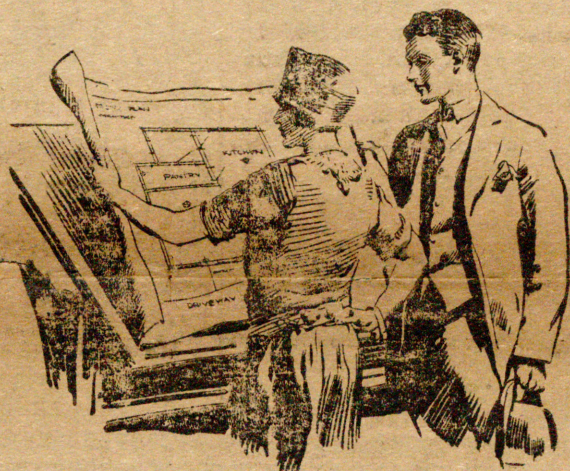
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INDEPENDENCE OF THE FINANCIAL KIND

By WILLIAM E. KNOX
President, American Bankers Association.

The principle upon which America was founded was independence. The primary duty of the pioneers of this country was to interpret independence in its political sense, but independence today has another special significance in its financial sense. The ability to apply the primary principles of personal economics, to use



William E. Knox

intelligently that common thing we call "a pay check," has as much to do with individual independence as any other force in life.

The greatest problem of independence of the average man or woman is how to get out of what they earn a good living and a reasonable degree of financial comforts in old age. We cannot maintain a high standard of national life without an intelligent management of the financial matters that constantly confront the average individual and family. In the accumulation of capital in the hands of the masses lies the hope of the true independence of a nation's people. The chief concern of wage earners is to get a reasonable degree of financial independence out of what they actually earn.

This question of how to attain personal financial independence has not been worked out on the principle of individual responsibility. The most important social needs today are a course of instruction in public education to give young people a practical notion of how to start life on a sound economic basis; and, secondly, a broad co-operative plan in American industry whereby men and women shall be helped to work out a personal financial program that will guide them toward a definite goal of financial independence. There ought to be a way for a man, for every dollar put aside each week now, to get back four or five dollars a week forty or fifty years later, regardless of where he works.

The present policy in American industry of helping employees is based on the assumption that they will ultimately become dependent. Old age pensions and other forms of charitable compensation are to be commended in lieu of a practical alternative, but in principle they are wrong and contrary to the purposes of democracy. What we want is an organized plan that will direct working people toward independence. No system can claim complete success that does not contemplate the financial independence of every employee, according to his ability to earn. It can be shown that American employees, with reasonable prudence on their own part, can reach a fair degree of independence while they are still working.

There must be injected into our industrial policy an additional economic element of mutual benefit and permanent value to both labor and capital, concerned not alone with the amount of wages and profits that are earned but with how these earnings shall be used. I am arguing for an industrial savings policy based upon the principle of independence. I am arguing for a new basis of co-operation in industry, for the elimination of poverty, and for a practical demonstration of economic democracy.

When public education teaches school students how to manage their personal affairs intelligently, and when the heads of firms make it a requirement that every young man and young woman who accepts a position shall be working toward a definite goal in saving money, then we will attack economic illiteracy at the source and begin to save men from the tragedy of financial dependency.

Infectious Diseases

The Public Health service says that extensive investigations and surveys made by the medical authorities have shown that the prevalence of infectious diseases among civilized nations is infinitely less than among inhabitants of uncivilized countries.

The Vanishing Men

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

(W. N. U. Service)

(Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

CHAPTER XVI

—13—

Brena Selcoss raised her head from Colby Pennington's desk and stared at Peter's lawyer with an expression of terror in her parted lips, in her eyes, in her white hands, held out as if to ward away a hideous idea.

"You let him go!" she exclaimed in a breaking shaken voice.

"Let him go?" asked the astounded Colby. "Why shouldn't he go? Is there any reason?"

It was evident to Brena that this man had not been in Peter's confidence; he could not know that a call like this had come to the other two men and that Peter might be the third to go. She interrupted him with a gesture of impatience, saying, "He left no word—no address—nothing with which to trace him?"

"Not with me." Leaning forward he pressed a pearl button on his desk, then seized a cigar, nipped the end off with his large white teeth, looked again at Brena, lovely in spite of her grief and terror, and threw it back into the box. Usually Pennington was the master of any meeting with a stranger, but now something of that immortal personality which was hers, something in her bearing, something in her eyes, something in that calm of distant mountains that she had regained, held Colby silent until the door of his office opened and the chief clerk stepped in from the cork composition flooring outside onto the noiseless padded green carpeting inside.

"Fred!"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Mr. DeWolfe say where he was going—did he leave any word with us?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"Why, if I'm not mistaken, Mr. Pennington, he said that he was going to New Orleans, Fort Worth, and a place called Kremlin Wells, Texas. He was to be there—Excuse me."

The chief clerk picked up from the desk the bronze-framed calendar and moved his pencil on it. He said, "He was to be there on the 24th, but gave no address there. The twenty-fourth is four days from now."

"Kremlin Wells, Texas? I never heard of such a place," said Pennington scowling after the manner of one who dislikes any fact not within the swing of his own radius.

"Nor had I. I looked it up. Not in the geography. But it's in the railroad guide—a way station, probably with a water tank, on the Texas Central and New Mexico—on the desert near the border between the two states, Mr. Pennington. That was all that he said. He left some papers to put in our safe and asked me to open them and attend to them if he was not back in three weeks."

"Thank you," said Pennington. "That's all, Fred."

"Wait!"

Brena had spoken in a low tone, but

gaze, but within an hour, partly because of it she was on a train that rolled into Dallas through the railroad yards with the shabby wooden settlements, seen again from her berth through the silt of window beneath the curtain as she raised her weight on one elbow. It had not changed completely since she had seen it on her return after Jim Hennepin had disappeared. This morning began the 23d of the month; she had the sense of racing to Kremlin Wells in a contest with death.

At the final junction point of her long journey, tired, nerve-racked by unrelenting heat of night and day and by the strain of suspense, she found it necessary to wait under a train shed, where in the waiting-room or on the platform the mid-day humidity created a smothering steam filled with the gases belched from locomotive stacks and the ear-smashing explosions from engine exhausts and the impact of car couplers. The train for the West was three hours late. She could not leave the station; she walked back and forth, her weary eyes held open wide by will, her jaw firm. And dogging every step she took was the fear that she would be too late, that when daylight came on the twenty-fourth she would not yet be at her destination.

The conductor on the westbound mail was not of the same mind. Beautiful young women traveling alone do not alight every day in "holes in the desert" as he called the Wells; he considered it less desirable to set her down some time in the dark hour between three and four. He said the place consisted of a siding, a water tank, a general store, five houses, two saloons where roulette wheels were going during the sheep herders' season, an adobe ruin and a hotel with three rooms above a bar.

"I am sure it will be all right," said Brena. "But even if it were not I would have to leave this train there."

At about three the porter woke her. There were ten minutes of dressing, and then she heard the whine of the brakes, and with muffled, sleep-thickened senses, with the ache of stiff bones and muscles and nerves after the heat, the inadequate sleep and the strain, she felt out from the lower step with one foot into the bottomless depths of blackness for the boards of the platform.

When the soft night breeze that flowed in a steady stream from the southwest had blown the daze away as if it were a dust that had settled on her, the train had been swallowed in the dark.

She could hear the splash of water leaking from the bottom of the railroad tank and occasionally the heat lighting on the horizon covered the desert toward the south with the white flare of a photographer's flashlight powder, disclosing the vast expanse broken by black patches of desert vegetation. But her attention was now held by a dim swinging lantern that came toward her out of the black push of the dark, as if it came with volition and movement of its own.

When this light came close to her, she felt an impulse to leap back into the dark as one who is desperate might leap into the depths of black waters; when the light was raised toward her face so that its possessor might see her, she wished that she had fled.

The face on the other side of the light was the essence of brutality—the black pupils in bloodshot eyes, the sun-baked skin drawn taut over immense protruding cheek bones, the thin wrinkled upper lip over a full red drooping under lip, the broad, wide nostrils, the thick gleaming muscular neck of the halfbreed Mexican and Indian.

Brena closed her fingers under cover of the dark and made the pressure of nails in her own palm summon her will to put her face nearer his and to speak before he could speak, so that she might escape from all manner of being on the defensive.

She said in a firm voice, "I came to find some one."

The other grunted incredulously.

"He came here within a day or two." The Mexican raised one dark hand and pulled the long lobe of one ear; his expression was crafty. He said, "Maybe so, guen sabe?"

"At the hotel," she suggested.

The man with the lantern raised it again to look at her; he was silent, and then suddenly he grinned.

"Oh, at hotel, eh? Ha! I know heem. Certain. At the hotel. He come by big automobile."

"Peter DeWolfe?"

The other shook his head; he did not know. He said in a soothing, coddling voice, "S'all ri', missy. You come, eh?" He beckoned with a finger.

Brena nodded and followed him as he walked on before, the lantern swinging at his knees, the shadows of his dark short bowed legs scissoring on the gravel and the noncommittal dark beyond in every direction squirming and alive with black maggot-like fear.

Suddenly the lantern illumined an entrance cut in a high adobe wall. The man, turning around, said in his petting voice, "Come," Brena stepped through into an enclosure without a roof; the stars of the sky shone down

with their little white needles of light. The lantern, however, now threw its light upon a little two-story wooden building within the old walls. This structure was dark below except for the lantern's light flung from the glass; its faint two squares of windows above were black on either side of a doorway reached by narrow rickety wooden stairs built on the exterior of the house.

"Up," commanded the Mexican with his hand on the rail.

Brena hesitated.

"I take you to heem."

She began to climb, gripping the hand-polished rail to steady her nerves by the force of her own arm muscles.

"In! This my house. I keep for Mister Glaub. In!"

She passed by him as he flattened himself against the door jamb. Four closed doors, unpainted and covered with penciled signatures, dates, arithmetic, and scrawled faces and verses, almost filled the walls of the narrow seven feet of square wall. With a grunt, like a pig's, the Mexican opened one of these doors and plucked at Brena's elbow.

"Look! What I say? This heem?"

The lantern's circle of light rose and widened as he held it higher until it



"Look! What I say? This heem?"

covered a cot on which a waking sleeper was pushing himself up on one arm and reaching under a pillow with the other hand.

"A lady," the Mexican said, and putting the lantern on the bare boards, he slid out and closed the door.

The man on the cot sprang up, raised the lantern, and at the end of a high exclamation he gasped for another breath and ejaculated, "Brena!"

"Yes, Peter. Thank God, Peter, I came in time."

"Time—time for what? I'm all right, dear. I cabled you to wait."

"I'd started, Peter. I didn't get it."

"They told you in New York?"

"Yes, Peter, they said you'd had a call."

"I didn't say so, dear. I said I had business here."

"I don't care—you forget. You are the third—I couldn't stand it, Peter. It was you—that's different."

"You're tired out." He held the lantern higher again.

"No, I'm not, Peter," she said, with a brisk unconvincing lie. "I want you to be glad I came."

He dropped the lantern; it went out. He put his arms around her and bent her head close to his shoulder as he patted her hair with the open palm of his hand. He said, "Glad? Me? Glad? Brena! I can't say it, dear. The cup runs over at the brim!"

"I've been in mortal fear, Peter," she whispered and shivered in his arms. "I thought I had sent you away to your end—the thing that took the others."

"No," said he.

"Can you tell, Peter?"

"I can't tell—sure. I can guess. I guess I'm going to fix everything. If not, there's something too big—too ghastly—"

"But if you never came back to me—if anything—"

She stopped. "Why Peter, I flung myself down sometimes. I prayed to be forgiven for ever having spoken to you. I begged relief from the hideous idea that I had let you start at all."

"Look here," he said severely. "Did you send me that warning—to the steamer?"

She was silent.

"Answer."

"Yes. I thought I must stop you, dear."

"Bad business," he said. "Look here, Brena. For the first time in my life I've been figuring what a real partnership really means. And it can't exist without perfect unbroken truth—playing the game, not separately, but together—all the time—an unbroken record."

She said, "I know. There isn't much to say. My fear. My conscience. And it was you who were going to take the risk. Not anybody else, Peter—and I loved you. I took the paper from a

package from the chemist's shop. I wrote."

"It won't do," he said harshly. "It is a bad spot on the fruit."

For a long time she sat on the edge of his cot without a word. At last, "Peter."

"Yes."

"Tell me, Peter. There must have been times when you wondered about me—doubted me—questioned me. Did you keep faith?"

He waited, but his answer was clear. It was not only an answer to her question; in his voice there was more—an understanding of the truth that right and wrong are not readily divided with a high impassable wall between them. There is a teetering, and that which counts is the spirit of the game, that leads one to put weight most often on the right end. All this he said to her in the one word: "No!"

After a moment her hand came through the dark into his.

"I think we are all right, Peter," she said. "If we can ever have each other, dear—forever—I think we could—"

"Do what?"

"Work out something pretty fine."

"We will," he said. "I'm almost at the point where I score, Brena. I've brought a high-powered car here. Two hundred-odd miles into this hell of desert. And tomorrow, I go tomorrow."

He struck a match and relit the lantern.

"Tell me, Peter," she said, brushing the red-gold hair back from her forehead.

"I did tell you. I said I had a theory—a theory about where they went—Hennepin first—and Parmalee. If I am not right, heaven help us! I've not been afraid yet—not in my real self. If I'm right I'll laugh at myself for totting a gun around and for a lot of fool ideas I've had. But if I'm wrong now, I'd be afraid. I'm no coward, but I'd squirm with fear!"

Her eyes were full of a troubled expression.

"But you don't tell me, Peter."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because if I was wrong it would always appear to you that I had been the inventor of injustice. Let me test your faith in me, Brena. Give me three days more."

"Yes, but when you ride off into the desert—to danger, you said, provided you were wrong—I'm going too."

"You can't."

"Yes, I am going with you, Peter."

"It might be too hideous."

"I am going."

The strange authority with which she sometimes spoke was now in her voice and in her eyes; it was as if she were speaking, not out of herself alone, but were one who voiced a decree of those who had willed an inexorable end.

"Let me show you then where we are going," he said with his lips pressed together. "Let me show you a map. Let me tell you how we shall have to steer our way over a trailless waste by compass as if we were at sea! It's a country of terrible distances and heat and thirst. If the car breaks down they'd never hear of us."

"We'd be out there for years," she said in the voice of one who in a great happiness feels sleep pulling down the eyelids, drawing its mists across the mind. "We'd have our hands—like this—together. But very bony, I suppose. I'd rather—do that, Peter—than not have—each other—"

He picked her up in his arms. He felt her limp weight pulling at his shoulders. He heard her whispering, "I'm not ill, Peter. I'm just tired. And I don't have to pretend with you, do I?" He felt her warm breath.

He put her down at full length on the cot and sitting on the floor beside her he moved his fingertips across her white forehead. Her profile of features, of body, of drapery, made him think of the queens and saints carved in marble on the tops of sarcophagi in ancient abbeys; lying in this sordid little room, her face turned toward the smoky ceiling, nevertheless she had their calm, their suggestion of belonging to great emotions, a season of great deeds and to some grand continuity. Brena had been carved by a great sculptor, and the limp hand that still rested in sleep upon his bare neck was warm with the promise of living expectancies.

CHAPTER XVII

Brena, who had slept long and restfully in spite of the stinging dry heat, had awakened before the sun had gone down to find Peter was attending to the last details of equipping the high-powered car that he had bought in El Paso. It was below the window in the old courtyard with the crumbling adobe wall.

"Hello," he had said, looking up. "You just missed seeing the population of this town. The entire ten were here. They don't know we're going to strike into the desert instead of going eastward."

He had held up his fingers to count on them. "We're all provisioned now—from the general store—gasoline cans, water in demijohns, matches, canned beans and other things, a bot-

tle of olives, guaranteed very old, and one paper napkin. I say—why do you ever do your hair up at all? It's rather wonderful, falling all around like that."

"I didn't take it down."

"No, I did. I ran it through my fingers like a miser with his gold—and his untarnished copper threads, if a miser has them too. Why not braid it? We're going where there are no fashions, Brena."

"Today?"

"Tonight. There'll be a white moon as big as a plate for hours. We'll make a hundred miles at least through the depression that runs along the bed of some prehistoric torrent to the northwest. Thanks to old Father Carlos, the hard-headed Jesuit, it's on the map. Easy to follow."

When the purple crepe of evening had been spread over the baking sands and the stars had been set out in their infinite careless pattern in the high desert sky, the car, with opened muffler, turned her nose out of the trail that followed the line of the railroad and began to kick the sand behind as if she were a hound. It was as if she were leaving forever the sight and memory of mankind.

This country is without mercy to living things. After thirty miles of hard pulling through the bare loose-surfaced plain, tossed gently about as if they were riding in a motorboat over the long rollers of the sea, they saw before them on the crest of a sand wave a running pack of coyotes, who came up suddenly, black against the moonlight like dog fish lifted into sight on a wave. But after that all vegetation and even the cacti which stood like trained seals, their flappers held out as if ready to begin a dance, became sparse, and the emptiness was that of the frontier of death itself.

Peter turned to look at Brena. Her face, illumined by the moon, was lifted a little; with the hair blown back by the hot wind, her eyes glistened like those of one who rides toward battle in a calm spirit. She felt, perhaps, his gaze, and, turning, smiled. She wondered why he had been unwilling to tell her why they went, what he sought, the facts he had found.

"Will you tell me—afterward?" she asked.

"Yes—if I win," he answered. "I will tell you then. Before that I've no particular right to do it—not till I'm sure. The thing is too tremendous!"

When the moon had reached the bottom of the bowl of the sky, DeWolfe looked again at his speedometer.

"Did you notice that our searchlight no longer picks up little insects and turns them into flashes of silver?" he asked.

"Yes."

He stopped the car to fill the radiator.

"We are coming into the most arid land in the world, where no rain falls and there is no dew. It is the country of eternal stillness. There is no life; not even the insects exist here. There is no motion. There is no sound. Listen!"

Brena looked about at the great flat disk of the desert as she stood with her hand on Peter's shoulder; it was like a world of hardened concrete, without flexibility, without a motion. She listened and heard only her heart and the throbbing of silence that comes only in places of utter stillness.

"I'm glad I'm with you, Peter," she said. "There is a threat here, isn't there?"

He nodded. "We've been seventy-five miles. To a man on foot without water that would be death—a horrible death with the sand dragging at the feet—just like the flies one sees trying to pull their legs along fly paper, with the heat burning all moisture out of the body, with the silence and the stillness inviting him to madness, and his aching limbs gradually turning his footpath around and around in smaller circles to a center of death."

Peter had driven his car over the great flat disk, scarred with irregularity, but nevertheless like a talking machine record with its tiny impressions. The hours had called for endurance of smarting eyes that had stared so long for gullies or chasms, and of aching arm muscles that had held the twists and tugs of the front wheels. He allowed the car to come to a stop and shut off the engine.

"Both of us need a rest and water," he said to Brena. "And you need breakfast."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Cannon Are Spiked

In former times when the old-fashioned type of cannon was used the guns were disabled by driving an iron spike into the opening at the breech through which fire was communicated to the powder. This was called "spiking" the cannon. It was done when it was necessary to leave the guns behind, to prevent their immediate use by the enemy. Such disablement was usually only temporary. The phrase, however, is retained in modern military usage. Spiking a cannon nowadays means breaking or carrying away part of the breech mechanism, making it impossible to use the gun without considerable repair—Exchange.

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Nature Embossed Carved Initials

An American beech tree was cut down about one mile north of Morrisville, Pa. On splitting a section of this tree into firewood a remarkable work of nature was brought to light.

On one of the pieces of wood were plainly embossed the initials "A. J. D., J. E. D., 1839," and on the other piece were letters and figures exactly corresponding to the embossed ones, says Nature Magazine. A careful examination shows that the tree must have been about sixty-seven years old when the initials were cut. The embossed part was nearest to the bark.

It is supposed that the tree, in growing, gradually overgrew the part with the initials cut in it, when its tissue was pressed into the mold-like initials, forming genuinely embossed letters and figures. This has a better explanation? What a story of love or romance! The sections of wood are owned by Henry Moon of Morrisville, Pa.

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Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio—Advertisement.

Won the Medal

The announcement that President Coolidge was going to spend the summer at Swampscott, Mass., recalled to Kit Cormac, Universal's cross-word puzzle champion, that she used to be a school teacher there, and brought back the recollection of a funny experience.

She was teaching the Odyssey and asked a young Swampscotter what a happy was. He replied: "A happy is a monster with a face like a woman, only more horrible."—Los Angeles Times.

Not to Blame

Surgeon General Ireland of the War department was discussing the reformation of drug victims.

"To reform these people is a difficult thing," he said. "Whenever I look at a collection of drug victims, with their sensual mouths and weak chins, I can't help thinking of the Chinese proverb:

"Rotten wood can't be carved."

May Need Them Both

Horace—We can easily be married. My father is a minister, you know. Phyllis—Very well, let's try it. My dad's a lawyer.

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"You Let Him Go?" She Exclaimed in a Breaking, Shaken Voice.

with that authority sometimes heard in her voice.

The chief clerk stopped as if her word had been a bullet in his lungs.

"Will you help me?" she said to Peter's lawyer. "I assure you that he would wish it."

Colby looked at her as one would look at a new model of some automobile; at last he nodded.

"I want to know the first train leaving New York for St. Louis and Texas," she said. "I want some one to go for a ticket and reservations to Kremlin Wells or the nearest point. I want a taxicab. I want you to do everything in your power to get me to Kremlin Wells before the twenty-fourth. It must be done!"

Pennington stared at her.